

O Fortuna Myfanwy

by whatsamatta

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Summary: This ain't your mamma's Dream. William Shakespeare, eat your heart out.

O Fortuna Myfanwy

**Disclaimer: Please don't tell me, I already know. I have so much I need to be working on and instead of doing that I go a start a new project. Let me just say life has been strange these last few years, and finding myself having time to write, let alone write on projects currently open has been difficult. I needed a distraction. And you know what they say about the creative process and inspiration and all that jazz. Or maybe you don't. In any case grab some tea or a cocktail or whatever and enjoy the story. **

**Fun Fact: This came to me in the shower. Just go with it.**

PROLOGUE

The low murmur of voices as the patrons found their seats mingled with the sounds of the orchestra tuning their instruments. Ushers walked the aisles, checking that the people in the seats really belonged there. Deep-voiced men with mustaches that connected to their sideburns coughed as the ladies chittered like squirrels. A few theatre hands clapped to bring the house in order as the maestro slowly made his way to the orchestral pit.

_A tall, lanky man with a balding blonde head and a meek personality, he turned to face the crowd of lords and ladies all dressed in their finest. These good people were waiting for a show, and a show he would give them. He would never disappoint. It simply was not in his nature. _

_Bowing once to the onlookers, he turned back to his musicians and lifted his baton, a __gorgeous tool made of Maplewood, richly mounted in gold and set with costly diamonds; a gift from Her Majesty the

Queen. All settled into place quietly as the first notes echoed throughout the auditorium. The deep crimson and gold curtains began to open, a hushed dragging across the wooden stage. A Fresnel lit a single spot. _

The show had begun.

ACT I, SCENE I;_ dimly lit bedroom_

The soft sounds of crickets entered through the windows, left open to allow the gentle breeze in and the heat from their love making out. She always preferred being closer to nature than he, a curious fact he sometimes thought about in the afterhours. They were designed and borne to be two halves of one entity, were they not? Then how came it that they were similar but not identical?

A soft stirring in the linens beside him returned him from his dreaming to his bedfellow. She smiled at him, moving a lock of blonde hair from her eyes as she sat up. The sheet whispered down her skin the same way his lips had, the memory stirring him into bending to meet her lips.

"The child" he stopped just short of his destination, groaning in annoyance. So it was back to that again.

"Please not this again. I will not release the boy, to you or any other." Though his voice was stern, it was also gentle. Now it was she that groaned in annoyance. All pretense of the coy lover gone as she sat up completely and glared at him.

"And I will not take no for an answer. He would make a wonderful Goblin, you know this as well as I. Why are you so attached? He's only changeling." Her icy eyes shot fire as he too sat up, tearing himself from the bed and going to the window.

"His mother. I need explain nothing more. We will discuss this no further, the boy is in my possession and there he will remain." Looking down at the little town on the banks of the Guadalquivir River, he wondered how it was that the sleepy inhabitants were ignorant of the quarrel in the villa above. But it was such a peaceful night, the moon full and clear and drowning out any stars; was it any wonder, really?

"I'll met by moonlight, this seems to have become. I but beg the changeling boy, grant me that and I will become your placid lover once again." Her arms wove around his back to caress his chest. Full and naked breasts pressed against his back as she attempted to seduce him not only back to bed but into granting her desires as well. Yet he would not be charmed.

"Not for thy Faerie Kingdom." The announcement was clear and final. He was forswearing her bed, and all for a little human brat. Though she would not admit it, it stung.

"If you insist then this is where we part. Go thy way, but know that I will not forget this injury, nor forgive it until I have tormented you for it."

And then, with a growl, she was gone.

He let a breath escape, knowing that when her bloodlust was awakened there was not much that could satiate it. Already he could feel the consequences taking shape; the clouds crept upon the moon as the river tides rebelled, overbearing their continents. How long could he fight her with the earth in her current state and steadily getting worse? Nature was never pleased unless the pair were meeting on even terms, not quarreling like children.

"My Lord?" the light voice of a Faerie attendant broke his solitude, and with a turn he met the youth with a smile, nakedness be damned.

"My Lady and I henceforth will no longer share bed. And all over a changeling." In that moment all the centuries he witnessed weighed heavy in his voice. The attendant nodded in sympathy.

"I am sure it was the best decision for the boy."

His Lord did not reply.

ACT I, SCENE II; exterior alley, evening

Leaning against then dirty brick wall, a young woman in a red coat looked on towards her companion solemnly. The copper buttons of his own black coat glittered and shined with the light of his match â€“ striking the flame for his cigarette he met her gaze. The couple stood in silence before one of them finally broke the tense air.

"You couldn't have expected it to go any differently, you know." Her voice was soft against the night, but not fragile. He had known her long enough to not make that mistake again.

"No, I suppose not. But I had expected you to fight your father a bit more for this." He fought hard to keep the irritation out of his voice, to not give her anything to feed off of. But as always she found something to latch onto.

"And I had expected you to fight a bit harder for me. And yet . . ." here she took on a wistful look, shifting her gaze towards the alley mouth at the sound of dog's bark. "Ah, typical Lysander, always the dreamer never the fighter."

"Typical Hermia, always the martyr never the survivor." She snapped her head back his direction, almond shaped eyes narrowing in discontent. He had always loved her eyes, those that spoke of her oriental heritage.

"This is just as much your doing as it is mine you know. What options do I have left to me at this point? Since I am forbidden from you, it stands either marry Demetrius to hide the evidence, or refuse my father and expose myself a fallen maiden." At this moment her hands moved to her womb, still small and flat but already growing firm with their affair.

Seeing his lover soften, her also relaxed, moving towards her to place his hands over her own. He knew she was given him a chance at a rebuttal when she didn't push him away. In that moment he knew what course he would take.

"Run away with me?"

"What?"

"Run away with me. I have an Aunt, a wealthy widow, who would love you as much as I do. She lives in Seville, the journey would take us no more than a day and a half. We could start a new life, away from here."

She remained quiet for a few minutes, looking at their hands joined over her belly.

"Could this really work?" despite himself he laughed, a sound so full of real mirth that she couldn't fight her own grin.

"Why not? Beside, should you decide to marry Demetrius instead, come time there would be no denying that the child was not his." To prove his point, he took her hands in his own, bringing them to his lips to kiss passionately. The vivid contrast between her milky pale skin and his dark hands was striking. Here she laughed as well.

"Agreed. Alright, we'll go. But what of Helena? Surely she should know " I don't want her to worry."

He nodded his permission, lacing their fingers together as he led her out of the alley and down the main streets of downtown. The wind began to pick up as the clouds swirled in. It appeared to him that a turbulent storm was approaching. Hopefully it wasn't an omen; should it be though, he would work through it. Disappeared was Lysander the Dreamer, emerging was Lysander the Fighter.

"For ought that I could ever read, could ever hear by tale or history, the course of true love never did run smooth." He murmured under his breath, steeling himself against the gusts as he held his lover closer to his body. Together, they made their way towards the home of her friend.

And then, they would make their way towards the future.

ACT I, SCENE III;_ interior parlor, night_

The young woman had just turned down the lights of the house, and was about to make her way up the stairs to bed, when there was a knock at the door. Gathering her house coat closer to her chest and throat, she eyed the barrier warily while turning up the light. The knock sounded again.

Opening the door only enough to peek her head around, she let out an audible sigh of relief before swinging it open all the way. There on her stoop stood her friend and the lover of her friend, looking worse for wear in the wind and beginning rain.

"Hermia, Lysander, what on earth are you doing here at this time of night?" she asked, making way for them to move into the recently vacated parlor. She gave one more glance out the door to verify no other intruders were expected, before following them and settling down on a settee.

"Fair Helena, we've come to give you news -" her friend began, before being scoffed into silence by the delicate woman with the dark

hair.

"You call me fair? Demetrius loves your fair, not mine. Oh if you could but teach me with what art you sway him."

"The more I hate, the more he follows me." The woman with the red coat uttered with a frown, her lover took her hand with a reassuring squeeze.

"The more love, the more he hateth me." With a sigh and nearly a whimper, the woman in the house coat fell back onto the lounge.

"Well, take heart my dear friend. Soon he'll no longer have the ability to woo me." She waited for her friend's full attention before continuing, "Lysander and myself, this night are fleeing this city with its histories and allegiances. He has an Aunt in Seville that will take us in. There we shall start a new life, a free life." At this moment all three stood.

"Hermia!" but her friend would not give her the chance to speak more.

"Pray for us, and God grant you your Demetrius. Come Lysander, we should leave now if we wish to make good time before they know we're gone."

And with that, the woman with the red coat kissed her friend with a loving farewell, and led her companion to the door. As the pair made an exit, he turned back.

"Goodbye Helena. I hope Demetrius will show you the same devotion you give him."

And with that, they were gone.

Stunned into silence, the young woman sank onto the settee. Slowly she reached over to the telephone, plucked it off the receiver, and unhurriedly began to dial.

End
file.